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MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY

Selver, P., comp.

MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

P. SELVER

LONDON
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TO

MY FATHER

PREFACE

THIS book forms the Russian section of a more extensive Slavonic anthology which has been in progress for some years, and, as far as it has been completed, includes representative selections from the modern poetry of the Poles, Czechs, and Serbs.

The disadvantages associated with all anthologies are increased in the case of an anthology of translated verse, where the choice of the contents is affected not only by the translator's personal leanings, but also by the suitability of any particular poem for translation into another language. As regards the present volume, it is admittedly the merest outline, to be filled in later, as circumstances may permit. But it is hoped that this collection, in spite of such obvious shortcomings as have been indicated, will convey a fairly adequate idea of the chief features in modern Russian poetry, a branch of Russian literature which has so far received very little serious attention in this country.

On the subject of verse-translation there is a great divergency of opinion, and it is not proposed to discuss the matter at length in this preface. In the main, the translator has considered it his duty to produce renderings which, in themselves, are reasonably good English verse. At the same time, an endeavour has been made to give the meaning of the originals as closely as the restrictions of rhyme and rhythm will permit. The character of the original metre has been retained in

almost every case. In the Russian text the natural tonic accent has been indicated.

Some of these renderings first appeared in *The New Age*, and are reprinted in this collection by kind permission of the Editor, whom the translator takes this opportunity of thanking. It is also a duty and a pleasure to express gratitude to Mr. Alexander Bakshy, who read the proofs of the book, and offered valuable suggestions and criticisms while it was passing through the press.

P. S.

LONDON.

CONTENTS

The pages refer to the English versions.

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
INTRODUCTION	ix
K. D. BALMONT:	
WATER	3
MY SONG-CRAFT	5
I AM CHOICENESS OF RUSSIAN	7
LIFE'S BEHEST	9
THE REEDS	9
I CAME INTO THIS WORLD . . .	11
THE LIGHT WILL BURN AND DARKEN . . .	13
O WAVES OF THE OCEAN . . .	13
THE MAGIC WORLD	15
ALEXANDER BLOCK:	
TENDER-GREY THE DAY WAS . . .	17
THE WILLOW-BOUGHS	19
VALERY BRYUSOV:	
STANZAS ON BOOK CATALOGUES	21
TO K. D. BALMONT	23
BIRDS OF WRATH	25
DUSK	25
THE STONEHEWER	27
IVAN BUNIN:	
NIGHT HASTENS . . .	29
HOW AGLEAM . . .	29
ZINAIDA HIPPIUS:	
SONG	31
ELECTRICITY	33

M LOKHVITSKAYA:

PAGE

AND MOAN OF WINDS . . . - - - - 35

D. S. MEREZHKOVSKY:

NIRVANA - - - - - - - 37
QUOTH NATURE . . . - - - - - 37
THE EVENTIDE FONDLED . . . - - - - 39
NATURE - - - - - - - 41
THE SOWER - - - - - - - 41

N. MINSKY:

MAN'S PONDERINGS AND LABOURS . . . - - - 45
I VIEW THE PROMISED LAND . . . - - - 47
WHAT YOU ARE WONT TO NAME . . . - - - 49
THE CITY AFAR - - - - - - - 49

F. SOLOGUB:

FROM MOISTENED CLAY . . . - - - - 53
NORTHERN TRIOLETS—
(I.) THOU EARTH . . . - - - - 53
(II.) THE EARTH, THE EARTH . . . - - - 55
(III.) QUIVERS THE HEART . . . - - - 55
(IV.) CHURCH-SPIRE, CRUCIFIX . . . - - - 55
(V.) WHAT DELIGHT . . . - - - - 57
IN THIS HOUR . . . - - - - - 57
EVIL DRAGON . . . - - - - - 59
OVER THE RIVER . . . - - - - - 59

V. SOLOVYÓV:

FRIEND BELOVÈD! . . . - - - - - 61
O MISTRESS EARTH . . . - - - - - 61
AMID THE MORNING HAZES . . . - - - - 63
THE COURT OF MY EMPRESS . . . - - - - 63

INTRODUCTION

THE more recent developments in the history of Russian poetry may be regarded as a revival following upon a period of depression and stagnation. In the following sketch an attempt will be made to trace briefly the varying stages in its progress during the nineteenth century, before the achievements of contemporary writers are discussed in any detail.

The first important epoch in the history of Russian poetry during the nineteenth century is associated with the names of Pushkin and Lermontov. Pushkin, in particular, founded a poetical school, among the members of which were such men as Vyazemsky, Delvig, Yazykov, and Baratynsky. This was the golden age of Russian poetry, the popularity of which was enhanced by Pushkin's relations with the Court.

Pushkin died in 1837, Lermontov in 1841. These dates mark the beginning of a decline in the vogue which poetical literature had been enjoying. It rapidly sank from one extreme of favour to the other, and before long lyric verse was regarded as an inferior branch of literature, and was neglected by readers and critics alike. Yet, in spite of these adverse conditions, there was not a complete lack of lyric poets. About the middle of the century, at the very time when this reaction was most marked, the tradition of the earlier years was being worthily upheld by such men as Tyutchev, Maikov, Fet, and Polonsky. The neglect of poetry was, in fact, due to the political situation. It was a period when Russian society was beginning to show symptoms of internal ferment. All men of intellectual ability were expected to employ their talents for the advancement of the political cause. This practical materialism, which rejected all

MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY

splendour of his own creative powers. In one of his best-known poems he begins:

> "I am choiceness of Russian so stately of mien,
> The poets before me my heralds have been. . . ."

This is the unaffected egotism of youth, and it also happens to be true, for it is highly probable that the literary historian of the future will date the second great epoch of Russian poetry from Balmont, just as the first is associated with the name of Pushkin. Of the great European lyric poets of modern times, Balmont is akin to Swinburne, Drachmann, d'Annunzio, and Vrchlický. His influence has altered the whole aspect of Russian poetry in the last generation.

If Bryusov's poetry lacks some of the exuberance and external brilliance which is so characteristic of Balmont, if it is often more sober and deliberate than that of the elder poet, it gains by a greater depth and unity of thought, by a more obvious scheme of ideas, by a closer contact with the realities of life. Balmont's poems are full of such words as *sky, stars, ocean, sun, shoreless spaces, clouds, peaks, silence, chaos, eternity,* the select vocabulary of the unreal; while Bryusov—probably influenced by Verhaeren—finds inspiration in the bustle of cities and the feverish life of the streets. Yet, although his subjects are frequently artificial, he does not treat them in an artificial manner. Bryusov has been specially attracted towards the French symbolists, many of whom he has translated. His versions from Maeterlinck, Verlaine, Verhaeren, d'Annunzio, and Wilde, together with a critical study of the late Latin poet Ausonius, also show in what direction his literary sympathies lie. They have exposed him to the accusation of being a scholar rather than a poet, but successive volumes of fervid and delicate verse have triumphantly vindicated him, and have shown that inspiration and industry do not mutually exclude each other. There is no denying a certain exotic tendency in some of Bryusov's poetry; but from this he has gradually freed himself more and more, so that in his most recent volumes he has attained an admirable clarity of style. Finally, let it be mentioned that Bryusov

ranks high as a Russian prose writer. Two of his novels in particular—" The Fiery Angel," dealing with the Renaissance period, and " The Altar of Victory," a product of Bryusov's late Latin studies—would represent modern Russian fiction far more worthily than the majority of the recent numerous importations.

The poetical movement inaugurated by Balmont and Bryusov had its centre at Moscow, with the review *Vyessy* (The Balance) as its official organ. The epithet " decadent " has been applied to these writers, but in Russian this implies nothing further than modernity of thought and cultivation of advanced artistic principles.

A few years before the establishment of this literary centre, another group of writers had begun to develop similar activities in the Russian capital, and to publish their works in the *Severny Vyestnik* (Northern Herald). The chief members of this group—Merezhkovsky, his wife, known as an author under her maiden name of Zinaida Hippius, Minsky, and Sologub—followed, in the main, religious tendencies, which can be traced back to the influence of Vladimir Solovyóv (1853-1900), philosopher and poet. Solovyóv, whose name is associated with various religious controversies—he was a champion of Catholicism—is sometimes regarded as the source of Russian symbolism. And it is significant that although Merezhkovsky (b. 1866) is more prominent as a novelist and critic than as a poet, his first published work was a volume of poems entitled " Symbols." It cannot be said, however, that Merezhkovsky as a poet has passed through any clearly marked stages of development. His poetry reflects rather those ideas which have found more ample expression in his other writings, to which they furnish an eloquent commentary.

Zinaida Hippius (b. 1870), who, like her husband, is also a prominent novelist, has shown from her earliest works a leaning towards the abstruse and metaphysical. In her verses this is even more strongly pronounced than in her other writings. The language of her poems is often beautiful, but often, too, they contain hazily mystical thoughts expressed with an abundance of rather highly coloured imagery. The same kind of hysterical affecta-

tion is characteristic of other Russian poetesses. All that is morbid, overwrought, and fantastic in the Russian spirit seems to become unpleasantly accentuated in the work of these feminine writers. Thus the poems of Myrrha Alexandrovna Lokhvitskaya (1869-1905), to mention only one of several, are full of noisy and unrestrained declamation, with frequent touches of feverish eroticism.

Nicolai Maximovitch Minsky (b. 1855), whose real name is Vilenkin, began his career with poems which lead back to the tradition of Nadson. Their markedly individual style and harmonious language gained for Minsky a popularity which began to diminish when he turned his attention towards more purely æsthetic ideals. Later still, he attained a fresh stage in his development, as a poet of religious mysticism. At one time he founded, together with Gorky, a socialistic daily paper, but the venture soon came to an end, partly through the action of the authorities, partly also because of the lack of agreement between Minsky and his socialistic colleagues. Minsky is essentially a poet of transition, and, as such, he has come to occupy a precarious standing among his contemporaries. The revolution of 1905 affected his work critically, leading him, as it did, into such outbursts of unbalanced rhetoric as the " Workmen's Hymn."

Fedor Sologub (pseudonym for Teternikov, b. 1863) is a poet of the decadent school in the narrower acceptation of the word. As in his novels and short stories, so also in his poems, he is almost entirely absorbed by contemplation of the abnormal, the morbid, and the perverse. But the qualification of this statement should not be overlooked, for it is possible to overstate this aspect of the case. Professor Vengerov declares, for instance, that " Sologub's lyrics and his prose form a downright hymn to death." And in another passage the same critic says, after emphasizing the fact that this attitude on Sologub's part is unaffected and sincere: " Sologub's creative spirit is dominated by eternal twilight, and not a single sunbeam illumines this subterranean world. In the work of Sologub, death, madness, and sensuality are entangled in one awful nightmare." A criticism of this kind ignores

the pure and hopeful side of Sologub's work, which, though not prominent, is nevertheless expressed emphatically enough in such charming verses as the "Northern Triolets" and, in fact, throughout the volume of poems called "Kindred Earth." Even in his fiction Sologub sometimes writes with a playful fancy of which the stories hitherto translated into English give no hint. But it must be admitted that the main body of Sologub's work represents the tragic lack of harmony between ideals and reality, and is, as a result, steeped in despair and loathing. It is the metaphysical strain often induced by this attitude which connects him with what may be called the Merezhkovsky group. But the bonds which unite him to other poets are slender; the main impression produced by his verses is one of morose isolation.

All these poets have, in varying degrees, come under foreign influences. In this respect Ivan Bunin (b. 1870) cannot be assigned to one or other of the groups hitherto dealt with, for his verses show no traces of the later developments of Russian poetical style. He is more typically Slavonic than any of the modernists, although he himself is modern in his impressionistic manner of depicting the various aspects of the typical Russian landscape. The influence of folk-song, which even in the less obviously national poets has left considerable traces, is very marked in Bunin's verses. He has also written stories of Russian country life, similar in spirit to his delicate rhymes, and, on a larger scale, a realistic novel the scenes of which are laid in rural Russia in the years immediately following the revolution. As a translator, Bunin is best known by his metrical version of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." In November, 1912, he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his literary beginnings.

The summary manner in which the remaining poets must be treated is not always in proportion to the value of their achievement. There is, for example, Alexander Block, whose verses are distinguished by their devout and austere tone; the search for an unattained ideal is often expressed in the symbolism of mediæval chivalry. Only bare mention, too, can be made of Vyatcheslav Ivanov, whose philosophic verses are exquisitely polished

and harmonious, with deliberate and effective lapses into an archaic style. Another of the younger poets of distinction is Andrey Byely, author also of a remarkable novel, " The Silver Dove," which follows worthily in the tradition of Gogol. For the present, bare mention alone must suffice for such poets as Kuzmin, Voloshin, Annensky, Baltrushaitis, and Count Alexis Tolstoy—Tolstoy III., as he is called; he has reanimated popular legends and traditions in verses that are essentially modern in technique.

Less than twenty years ago, Balmont and Bryusov were looked upon as bold innovators, before whom none of the most cherished poetical traditions were safe. Now a younger generation of poets has arisen, who regard the symbolists and modernists generally as conventional and academic. Among these youngest poets there is a good deal of mere extravagance and eccentricity. In some cases there is undoubtedly more than this: Sergey Gorodetsky, for instance, has written powerful verses, the most effective of which are those based upon old Russian mythology. And perhaps behind Igor Severyanin's crude and violent attempts at originality there is real talent, which will develop with increasing maturity. As for the rest, they must, for the present, remain anonymous.

P. SELVER.

MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY

Константи́нъ Дми́тріевичъ Ба́льмонтъ

1. ВОДА́.

Отъ ка́пли росы́, что трепе́щетъ, игра́я
Огнёмъ драгоцѣ́нныхъ камне́й,
До блѣ́дныхъ просто́ровъ, гдѣ́, вдаль убѣга́я,
Вѣнча́ется пѣ́ною вла́га морска́я
На гла́ди безло́нныхъ море́й,
Ты всю́ду, всегда́, неизмѣ́нно-жива́я,
И то изумру́дная, то голуба́я,
То по́лная кра́сныхъ и жёлтыхъ лучей́,
Ора́нжевыхъ, бѣ́лыхъ, зелёныхъ и си́нихъ,
И тѣ́хъ, что рожда́ются то́лько въ пусты́няхъ
Въ волне́ньи и пѣ́ньи безмѣ́рныхъ зыбе́й,
Оттѣ́нковъ, что ви́дны лишь и́збраннымъ взо́рамъ,
Дрожа́ній, сверка́ній, мелька́ній, кото́рымъ
Нельзя́ подыска́ть отража́ющихъ словъ,
Хоть въ сло́вѣ безло́нность оттѣ́нковъ блиста́етъ,
Хоть въ сло́вѣ краси́вомъ всегда́ расцвѣ́таетъ
Весна́ многоцвѣ́тныхъ цвѣто́въ.

Вода́ безконе́чные ли́ки вмѣща́етъ
Въ безмѣ́рность своей́ глубины́,
Мечта́нье на зы́бяхъ разли́чныхъ кача́етъ,
Молча́ньемъ и пѣ́ньемъ душѣ́ отвѣча́етъ,
Уво́дитъ созна́ніе въ сны.

Бога́тыми бы́ли, бога́ты и ны́нѣ
Просто́ры лазу́рно-зелёной Пусты́ни,
Рожда́ющей міръ островно́й.
И Мо́ре—всё Мо́ре, но въ во́льномъ просто́рѣ
Разли́чно оно́ въ человѣ́ческомъ взо́рѣ
Кача́ется гре́зой-волно́й.

Konstantin Dmitriyevitch Balmont

1. WATER.

FROM droplets of dew that aquiver are throwing
The lustre of jewels around,
To the pallor of spaces, where, distantly flowing,
The wave of the ocean its foam-wreath is strowing
O'er seas that no plummet can sound,
Thou art everywhere, ever, life changelessly glowing,
Now emerald-tinted, now azurely showing,
Now in ruby and amber the waters abound,
In orange, white, green, and in dusky-blue splendour,
And in such as the deserts alone can engender
In the heaving and chanting of tides without bound,—
In tints only seen by the choicest of gazes,
As they tremble and sparkle and dazzle, their mazes
No words can be culled to reflect:
Though the word has its tints with unquenchable gleaming,
Though the word that is comely with bloom ever teeming,
A spring-tide of hues has bedecked.

The water has guises of infinite seeming
In zones that are boundlessly deep;
Its multiple billows are cradled in dreaming,
The spirit with muteness and tune of its streaming,
It answers and lulls into sleep.

Rich of old have they been, and rich still are the spaces
Where deserts stretch onward in azure-green traces,
And islands have birth in their shoals.
And Ocean, still Ocean, unfettered it ranges,
But man ever sees how it changes and changes,
And billowy visions unrolls.

Въ разли́чныхъ скита́ньяхъ,
Въ ины́хъ сочета́ньяхъ,
Я слы́шалъ сказа́нія бурь,
И зна́ю, есть ра́зность въ мечта́ньяхъ.

Я ви́дѣлъ Индійское мо́ре, лазу́рь,
Въ нёмъ волнъ голубы́е изви́вы,
И Кра́сное мо́ре, гдѣ ла́сковъ кора́лъ,
Гдѣ ро́зовой кра́скою зы́бится валъ,
И Жёлтое, во́дныя ни́вы,
Зелёное мо́ре, Перси́дскій зали́въ,
И Че́рное мо́ре, гдѣ бу́енъ прили́въ,
И Бѣлое, при́зракъ краси́вый.
И всю́ду я ду́малъ, что всю́ду, всегда́,
Разли́чно-прекра́сна Вода́.

2. МОЙ ПѢСНОПѢНЬЯ.

Въ мои́хъ пѣснопѣньяхъ журча́нье ключе́й,
Что звуча́ть всё звончѣй и звончѣй.
Въ нихъ же́нственно-стра́стные шо́поты струй,
И дѣви́ческій въ нихъ поцѣлу́й.

Въ мои́хъ пѣснопѣньяхъ засты́вшіе льды,
Безпредѣльность хруста́льной воды́.
Въ нихъ бѣлая пы́шность пуши́стыхъ снѣго́въ,
Золоты́е края́ облако́въ.

Я зву́чныя пѣсни не самъ создава́лъ,
Мнѣ забро́силъ ихъ го́рный обва́лъ.
И вѣтеръ влюблённый, дрожа́ по струнѣ,
Трепета́нія пе́редалъ мнѣ.

Wherever I wander,
Or hither, or yonder,
I have harkened to lays of the storm,
And I know how diversely I ponder.

The Indian Ocean has azure-clad form
Where blue is the wave in its dancing,
And then the Red Sea with its coral display,
Where billows are tossing in pinkish array;
Yellow Sea,—fields of water advancing.
And the Persian Gulf that is verdantly dyed,
And in the Black Sea, how boistrous the tide,
And the White Sea,—what phantoms entrancing.
And ever I mused, ever here, ever there,
Upon Water so endlessly fair.

2. MY SONG-CRAFT.

My song-craft is filled with the trickle of springs,
And clearer and clearer it rings:
With the passionate whispers of love it is laden,
With the kisses bestowed by a maiden.

The chillness of ice with my song-craft is blending,
The crystalline water unending;
It holds the white glory of snow's downy shrouds,
And the golden-hued fringes of clouds.

The resonant songs I alone have not wrought,
By the avalanche they have been brought.
And amorous wind in the strings as it quivered,
Its trembling to me has delivered.

Воздýшныя пѣсни съ мерцáньемъ страстéй
Я подслýшалъ у звóнкихъ дождéй.
Узóрно-игрáющій тáющій свѣтъ
Подглядѣлъ въ сочетáньяхъ планéтъ.

И я въ человѣческомъ нечеловѣкъ,
Я захвáченъ разли́вами рѣкъ.
И, въ мóре стремя́ полногла́сность свою́,
Я стозвýчныя пѣсни пою́.

3.

Я—изы́сканность рýсской медли́тельной рѣчи,
Предо мно́ю други́е поэ́ты—предтéчи,
Я впервы́е откры́лъ въ этой рѣчи укло́ны;
Перепѣвные, гнѣвные, нѣжные звóны.

Я—внеза́пный изло́мъ,
Я—игра́ющій громъ,
Я—прозра́чный ручéй,
Я—для всѣхъ й ничéй.

Перепле́скъ многопѣнный, разóрванно-сли́тный,
Самоцвѣтные ка́мни земли́ самобы́тной,
Перекли́чки лѣсны́я зелёнаго ма́я,
Всё пойму́, всё возьму́, у други́хъ отнима́я.

Вѣчно-ю́ный, какъ сонъ,
Сильный тѣмъ, что влюблёнъ
И въ себя́ и въ други́хъ,
Я—изы́сканный стихъ.

My airy-tuned songs with the looming of pain
I have heard in the chimes of the rain,
And the pattern-wise melting and dallying light
I have glimpsed as the planets unite.

And though amid mortals, no mortal am I,
The river-floods raised me on high.
And in ocean my bounty of sound I have thrown,
My hundred-fold chants to intone.

3.

I am choiceness of Russian, so stately of mien,
The poets before me my heralds have been,
I the first in this tongue subtle byways revealed,
Strains tuneful, and wrathful and wistful I wield.

I,—a rending asunder,
I,—a sporting of thunder,
I,—a stream, finely-spun,
I,—for all and for none.

Rills plashing in foam, that are rivenly merging,
The jewels unblemished, of earth's matchless purging.
The summons of woodlands in verdure of May,
All I grasp, all I take, and I bear all away.

Young, as dreams, evermore,
Strong because I adore
Both myself and the rest,
I,—the verse choicely stressed.

4. ЗАВѢТЪ БЫТІЯ.

Я спроси́лъ у свобо́днаго вѣтра,
Что мнѣ сдѣлать, чтобъ быть молоды́мъ.
Мнѣ отвѣтилъ игра́ющій вѣтеръ:
„Будь возду́шнымъ, какъ вѣтеръ, какъ дымъ!“

Я спроси́лъ у могу́чаго Мо́ря,
Въ чёмъ вели́кій завѣтъ бытія.
Мнѣ отвѣтило зву́чное Мо́ре:
„Будь всегда́ полнозву́чнымъ, какъ я!“

Я спроси́лъ у высо́каго Со́лнца,
Какъ мнѣ вспы́хнуть свѣтлѣе зари́.
Ничего́ не отвѣтило Со́лнце,
Но душа́ услыха́ла: „Гори́!“

5. КАМЫШИ́.

Полно́чной поро́ю въ боло́тной глуши́
Чуть слы́шно, безшу́мно шурша́ть камыши́;

О чёмъ они ше́пчутъ? О чёмъ говоря́тъ?
Зачѣмъ огоньки́ между ни́ми горя́тъ?

Мелька́ютъ, мига́ютъ,—и сно́ва ихъ нѣтъ,
И сно́ва забре́зжилъ блужда́ющій свѣтъ.

Полно́чной поро́й камыши́ шелестя́тъ;
Въ нихъ жа́бы гнѣздя́тся, въ нихъ змѣи свистя́тъ.

Въ боло́тѣ дрожи́тъ умира́ющій ликъ:
То мѣсяцъ багро́вый печа́льно пони́къ.

4. LIFE'S BEHEST.

I QUESTIONED with fetterless breezes,
How with youth to accomplish my days;
I was answered by dallying breezes:
" Be thou airy as breezes, as haze !"

I questioned with dominant ocean,
Where life's mighty behest to descry;
I was answered by resonant ocean:
" Be thou ever full-sounding as I !"

I questioned with measureless sunshine,
How the dawn to outdo in its light:
There was naught in response from the sunshine,
But I heard in my spirit: " Burn bright !"

5. THE REEDS.

WHEN midnight has come on the desolate slough,
Scarce heard are the reeds, so softly they sough.

Of what do they whisper and talk to and fro?
For what are the flamelets amongst them aglow?

They shimmer, they glimmer, and once more they wane,
Then the wandering light is enkindled again.

When midnight has come, then the reeds are aquake;
They harbour the toad and the hiss of the snake.

In the slough is aquiver a perishing gaze:
'Tis the purple-hued moon that forlornly decays.

И ти́ной запа́хло. И сы́рость ползёть . . .
Тряси́на зама́нить, сожмёть, засосёть.

„Кого́? Для чего́?"—камыши́ говоря́ть—
„Зачѣмъ огоньки́ между на́ми горя́ть?"

Но мѣсяцъ печа́льный безмо́лвно пони́къ,
Не зна́еть. Склоня́еть всё ни́же свой ликъ.

И, вздохъ повторя́я поги́бшей души́,
Тоскли́во, безшу́мно шурша́ть камыши́.

6.

Я въ э́тотъ міръ пришёлъ, чтобъ ви́дѣть Со́лнце
И си́ній кругозо́ръ.
Я въ э́тотъ міръ пришёлъ, чтобъ ви́дѣть Со́лнце
И вы́си горъ.
Я въ э́тотъ міръ пришёлъ, чтобъ ви́дѣть Мо́ре
И пы́шный цвѣтъ доли́нъ.
Я заключи́лъ міры́ въ еди́номъ взо́рѣ,—
Я властели́нъ.
Я побѣди́лъ холо́дное забве́нье,
Созда́въ мечту́ мою́.
Я ка́ждый мигъ испо́лненъ открове́нья,
Всегда́ пою́.
Мою́ мечту́ страда́нья пробуди́ли,
Но я люби́мъ за то.
Кто ра́венъ мнѣ въ мое́й пѣву́чей си́лѣ?
Никто́, никто́.
Я въ э́тотъ міръ пришёлъ, чтобъ ви́дѣть Со́лнце—
А е́сли день пога́съ,
Я бу́ду пѣть . . . Я бу́ду пѣть о Со́лнцѣ,
Въ предсме́ртный часъ!

There is odour of slime. And the soddenness crawls.
The marsh will allure and engulf as it mauls.

"But whom? And for what—" say the reeds to and fro,—
"For what are the flamelets amongst us aglow?"

But the moon that forlornly and mutely decays
Cannot tell. But yet lower she settles her gaze.

'Tis the sigh of a perishing spirit that now
The reeds softly raise as they mournfully sough.

6.

I CAME into this world to see the sunshine,
The sky-line's bluish lights.
I came into this world to see the sunshine,
And mountain-heights.
I came into this world to see the ocean,
The valley's rich array.
I in a single gaze saw worlds in motion,—
Where I held sway.
I triumphed o'er oblivion's chill concealment,
I shaped my pondering.
Filled was my every moment with revealment,
I ever sing.
My pondering was roused by tribulation,—
But thus my love it won.
Who is my like in strength of tune-creation?
Not one, not one.
I came into this world to see the sunshine,
And when day's wane is nigh,
Then will I sing . . . then will I sing of sunshine,
Before I die.

7.

Свѣча́ гори́тъ и ме́ркнетъ и вновь гори́тъ сильнѣй,
Но ме́ркнетъ безвозвра́тно сія́нье ю́ныхъ дней.
Гори́ же, разгора́йся, пока́ ещё ты юнъ,
Сильнѣй полнѣй каса́йся сердёчныхъ зво́нкихъ стру́нъ,
Чтобъ бы́ло что припо́мнить на скло́нѣ тру́дныхъ лѣтъ,
Чтобъ ста́рости холо́дной свѣти́лъ нетлѣ́нный свѣтъ—
Мечта́ній благоро́дныхъ, поры́вовъ молоды́хъ,
Безу́мныхъ, но прекра́сныхъ, безу́мныхъ и святы́хъ.

8.

О, во́лны морскія, родна́я стихія моя́,
Всегда́ вы свобо́дно бѣжи́те въ ины́е края́,
Всегда́ одино́ки въ холо́дномъ движе́ньи своёмъ,
А мы безутѣ́шно тоску́емъ,—одни́ и вдвоёмъ.
Зачѣ́мъ не могу́ я дыша́ть и бѣжа́ть, какъ волна́?
Я въ мірѣ оди́нъ, и душа́ у меня́ холодна́,
Я та́кже спѣшу́ всё въ ины́е, въ ины́е края́,—
О, во́лны морскія, родна́я стихія моя́!

7.

THE light will burn and darken, then burn with stronger blaze,
But unreturning darkens the sheen of youthful days.
Glow then, and be enkindled, the while thou still art young,
Let ever more undwindled the heart's loud chords be strung,
That something be remembered in waning years of woe,
That chill old-age be lighted by that decayless glow,
Born of exalted fancies, and headstrong youth's ado,
Heedless, but full of splendour, heedless and hallowed, too.

8.

O WAVES of the ocean, akin to the blood in my veins,
Ye ever unfettered are coursing to other domains,
Ye ever are lonely in chillness of ebb and of flow,
And,—alone or united,—we pine in uncomforted woe.
Why may I not breathe and course on as a wave of the sea?
On earth I am lonely, and cold is the spirit in me,
I likewise am speeding to other, to other domains,—
O waves of the ocean, akin to the blood in my veins!

9. СВѢТЛЫЙ МІРЪ.

Тóнкій, ýзкій, длúнный ходъ
Въ глубь земли́ мечту́ ведётъ.
Тóлько спу́стишься туда́,
Встрѣтишь за́мки и́зо льда.

Чуть сойдёшь отсю́да внизъ,
Разноцвѣтности зажгли́сь,
Смóритъ чéй-то свѣтлый глазъ,
Лу́нный ка́мень и алма́зъ.

Тамъ опа́лъ снѣжи́тъ, а тутъ
Расцвѣта́етъ изумру́дъ.
И услы́шишь въ за́мкахъ тѣхъ
Флéйты, лю́тни, нѣжный смѣхъ.

И уви́дишь чьихъ то ногъ
Тамъ хруста́льный башмачóкъ.
Льды, колóнны, свѣтъ, снѣга́,
Нѣжность, снѣжность, жемчуга́.

Тóнкій, ýзкій, длúнный ходъ
Въ э́тотъ свѣтлый міръ ведётъ.
Но, чтобъ знать туда́ пути́,
Ну́жно бéрежно итти́.

9. THE MAGIC WORLD.

STRAIT the passage, slender, long,
Reaching depths where visions throng.
Sinking down, you turn your eyes
Where an ice-wrought castle lies.

When from here you sink below,
Twinkling shafts of colour glow;
Someone's peeping eyes are seen—
Adamant and moonstone sheen.

There's the snowy opal; here
Budding emeralds appear.
  Hearken—in these castles be
Flutes and lutes and dainty glee.

Whose may be the feet that don
Crystal shoon you gaze upon?
Ice in pillars, lustre, snow,
Dainty, flaky, pearly glow.

Strait the passage, slender, long,
Reaching realms where splendours throng;
But to find the path you need,
You must set your foot with heed.

Алекса́ндръ Алекса́ндровичъ Блокъ

1. ДЕНЬ БЫЛЪ НѢЖНО-СѢРЫЙ . . .

День былъ нѣжно-сѣрый, сѣрый, какъ тоска́.
Ве́черъ сталъ ма́товый, какъ же́нская рука́.

Въ ко́мнатахъ вече́рнихъ пря́тали сердца́,
Уста́лыя отъ нѣжной тоски́ безъ конца́.

Пожима́ли ру́ки, избѣга́ли встрѣчъ,
Укрыва́ли смѣхи бѣлизно́ю плечъ.

Дли́нный вы́рѣзъ пла́тья, пла́тье, какъ змѣя́,
Въ су́меркахъ бѣлѣетъ пла́тья чешуя́.

Надъ ска́тертью въ столо́вой наклони́лись ницъ,
Каса́ясь причёсками пыла́ющихъ лицъ.

Сту́ки се́рдца ча́ще, напряжённѣй взглядъ,
Въ мы́сляхъ—онъ, глубо́кій, нѣжный, ду́шный садъ.

И мо́лча, какъ по зна́ку, дви́нулись внизъ.
На ступе́нькахъ шо́рохъ бѣлыхъ же́нскихъ ризъ.

Мо́лча потону́ли въ саду́ безъ слѣда́.
Не́бо ти́хо вспы́хнуло за́ревомъ стыда́.

Мо́жетъ быть скати́лась кра́сная звѣзда́.

Alexander Alexandrovitch Block

1. TENDER-GREY THE DAY WAS . . .

TENDER-GREY the day was, grey as sorrow, and
Pallid grew the evening, like a woman's hand.

In the house at evening they had hid their hearts,
Faint with tender sorrow,— grief that ne'er departs.

Hands were clasped together, eyes forebore to meet,
Unto glistening shoulders laughing lips retreat.

Garb that bares the shoulders, serpent-like array,
White as scaly raiment in the waning day.

O'er the table-cover brow to brow inclined;
O'er the glowing faces locks of hair were twined.

Beat of hearts grew swifter, glances sore oppressed,
In their thoughts the garden,—sultry, deep, at rest.

Mutely they together, as in covenant, stirred;
Woman's white apparel on the steps was heard.

Mutely in the garden, tracelessly they fled,
Softly in the heavens, shame its flush outspread.

Then, perchance, a star fell, with a trail of red.

NOTE.—It was found impossible to reproduce quite closely the fluctuating rhythm of the original.

2. ВЕ́РБОЧКИ.

Ма́льчики, да дѣ́вочки
Свѣ́чечки, да ве́рбочки
Понесли́ домо́й.

Огонёчки те́плятся,
Прохо́жіе кре́стятся,
И пахнётъ весно́й.

Вѣтеро́къ уда́ленькій,
До́ждикъ, до́ждикъ ма́ленькій,
Не заду́й огня́!

Въ Воскресе́нье Ве́рбное
За́втра вста́ну пе́рвая
Для свято́го дня.

2. THE WILLOW-BOUGHS.

LADS and lasses gathering,
Willow-boughs and tapers bring,
That they homeward bear.

Warmly do the flamelets glow,
Wayfarers cross them as they go;
Spring-tide scents the air.

Little breeze from far away,
Rain, O rain, with tiny spray,
Quench ye not the flame.

For Palm Sunday earliest,
I to-morrow stir from rest,
Holy-day to acclaim.

NOTE.—It is almost impossible to reproduce in English rhyme the delicate simplicity of the original, with its diminutives and the tripping melody of its metre.

Валéрій Я́ковлевичъ Брю́совъ

1. ТЕРЦИ́НЫ КЪ СПИ́СКАМЪ КНИГЪ.

И васъ я по́мню, пе́речни и спи́ски,
Васъ ви́жу предъ собо́й за ли́комъ ликъ.
Вы мнѣ, въ степи́ безлю́дной, сно́ва бли́зки.

Я ва́ши та́инства давно́ пости́гъ!
При ла́мпѣ, наклоня́сь надъ катало́гомъ,
Вника́ть въ назва́нья неизвѣ́стныхъ книгъ;

Слѣди́ть за имена́ми; слогъ за сло́гомъ
Впива́ть слова́ чужо́го языка́;
Ага́дывать вели́кое въ немно́гомъ;

Возсоздава́ть поэ́товъ и вѣка́
По кра́ткимъ повтори́тельнымъ помѣ́тамъ:
„Безъ ти́тула“, „въ сафья́нѣ“ и „рѣдка́“.

И ны́нѣ вы предста́ли мнѣ скеле́томъ
Всего́, что бы́ло жи́знью сто вѣко́въ,
Кива́етъ онъ съ насмѣ́шливымъ привѣ́томъ.

Мнѣ говори́тъ: „Я не совсѣ́мъ гото́въ,
Ещё мнѣ ну́жны ко́сти и суста́вы,
Я жа́жду книгъ, чтобъ сдѣ́лать гру́ду словъ.

„Мечта́йте, ду́майте, ищи́те сла́вы!
Мнѣ всё равно́, безу́мецъ иль проро́къ,
Созда́нье для ума́ и для заба́вы.

Valery Yakovlevitch Bryusov

1. STANZAS ON BOOK CATALOGUES.

YE lists and catalogues still haunt my brain;
Before me I behold you, face on face,
Near me afresh on this unpeopled plain.

Your secrets long ago I held in chase!
By lamp-light o'er the catalogue I bent,
To probe for books that scarce had left a trace;

To track down names; by syllables I went,
Sipping at words of foreign tongues with care,
Surmising much from briefest document.

Poets and epochs I upraised in air
On scanty cue, as oft, to wit, would be:
" No author's name " or " Bound in calf " or " Rare."

And now, meseems, a skeleton are ye
Of all that lived in ages long ago,
That beckons with a scornful nod to me.

And says: " I, having somewhat yet to grow,
Of still more bones and joints must be possessed,
I crave for books, that words may overflow.

" Ponder and dream, and be renown your quest!
'Tis on e to me, or imbecile or sage,
Produce of wisdom or a merry jest.

„Я всѣмъ даю опредѣлённый срокъ.
Твори́ и ты, а изъ твои́хъ мечта́ній
Я сохраню́ навѣкъ семь-во́семь строкъ.

„Всеси́льнѣе мои́хъ упомина́ній
Нѣтъ ничего́. Безсме́ртіе во мнѣ.
Вѣнча́ю я—міръ тво́рчества и зна́ній".

Такъ о́стовъ говори́тъ мнѣ въ тишинѣ,
И я, съ поко́рностью цѣлу́я зе́млю,
При бы́стро умира́ющей лунѣ,

Исчезнове́ніе ! твой зовъ прі́емлю.

2. К. Д. БА́ЛЬМОНТУ.

Какъ пре́жде мы вдвоём, въ ночно́мъ кафе́. За вхо́домъ
Кружи́тъ огни́ Пари́жъ, своимъ весе́льемъ пьянъ.
Смотрю́ на о́бликъ твой; стара́юсь годъ за го́домъ
Всё разгада́ть, найти́ рубцы́ отъ свѣ́жихъ ранъ.

И ты мнѣ ка́жешься суро́вымъ морехо́домъ,
Тѣхъ лу́чшихъ дней, когда́ звалъ къ да́лямъ Магелла́нъ,
Преда́вшимъ го́рдый духъ безвѣ́стностямъ и во́дамъ,
Узна́вшимъ, что тайтъ для вѣ́рныхъ океа́нъ.

Я разгада́ть хочу́, въ луча́хъ како́й лазу́ри,
Вдали́ отъ на́шихъ странъ, иска́лъ ты бере́говъ
Поги́бшихъ Атланти́дъ и при́зрачныхъ Лему́рій,

Каки́я та́йны спятъ во тьмѣ твои́хъ зрачко́въ . . .
Но что́бы вы́разить, что́ въ э́томъ ли́кѣ но́во,
Ни ты, ни я, никто́ ещё не зна́етъ сло́во !

"For all things their established term I gauge.
Create, and from the dreams whereon you pore,
I'll keep a few scant verses, age on age.

"Naught in omnipotence can stand before
My verdict. I allot the deathless bays
And crown a world of phantasy and lore."

Thus quoth the wraith to me on silent ways,
And as to earth with humble kiss I fall,
While the moon swiftly dies before my gaze,

O transient glory, I accept your call!

2. TO K. D. BALMONT.

AT night, as was our wont, we sought the café. Near,
Paris aglow and drunken in its rapture swayed.
I gaze upon your face; I strive from year to year
To pierce the veil and seek the scars new wounds have made.

And like a rugged sailor you to me appear,
Who in those goodly times Magellan's call obeyed,
Trusting to seas unknown his soul too proud for fear,
For he has learnt what ocean yields not to the staid.

And fain would I surmise amid what azure gleam,
What marges you have sought, far from our native skies,
Where dead Atlantides and phantom Lemurs teem.

What secrets sleep amid the darkness of your eyes . . .
But, to proclaim what tidings in your gaze abound,
Nor you, nor I, nor any yet the words have found.

3. Я́РОСТНЫЯ ПТИ́ЦЫ.

Я́ростныя пти́цы съ о́гненными пе́рьями
Пронесли́сь надъ бѣ́лыми ра́йскими преддве́рьями,
О́гненные о́тблески вспы́хнули на мра́морѣ
И умча́лись стра́нницы, улетѣ́ли за́ море.

Но на чи́стомъ мра́морѣ, на поро́гѣ дѣ́вственномъ,
Что́-то всё алѣ́лося бле́скомъ неесте́ственнымъ,
И въ врата́хъ подъ сво́дами, вѣ́чными, алма́зными
Упива́лись а́нгелы та́йными собла́знами.

4. СУ́МЕРКИ.

Горя́ть электри́чествомъ лу́ны
На вы́гнутыхъ, дли́нныхъ стебля́хъ;
Звеня́ть телегра́фныя стру́ны
Въ незри́мыхъ и нѣ́жныхъ рука́хъ;

Круги́ цифербла́товъ янта́рныхъ
Волше́бно зажгли́сь надъ толпо́й,
И жа́ждущихъ плить тротуа́рныхъ
Коснулся прохла́дный поко́й.

Подъ сѣ́тью плѣни́тельно—зы́бкой
Притихъ отума́ненный скве́ръ,
И ве́черъ цѣлу́етъ съ улы́бкой
Въ глаза́—проходя́щихъ гете́ръ.

Какъ ти́хіе зву́ки клави́ра—
Дале́кіе ро́поты дня.
О су́мерки! Ми́лостью ми́ра
Опя́ть упои́те меня́!

3. BIRDS OF WRATH.

BIRDS of wrath with their plumage of fire all bedight
Over heaven's white portals were borne in their flight;
On the marble the fiery refulgences flared.
Then swiftly o'er ocean the wanderers fared.

But upon the pure marble, the threshold unstained,
There was something unwonted that flushed and remained;—
'Neath the crystalline vault never-ending aloft
Most secret enticements by angels were quaffed.

NOTE.—The metre of the original has not been reproduced.

4. DUSK.

ELECTRICAL moons are twinkling
On curving and delicate bands;
The telegraph wires are tinkling
In tender, invisible hands.

The clocks with their amber faces
By magic are lit o'er the crowd;
Of stillness the cooling traces
The thirst-ridden pavement enshroud.

'Neath a net that quivers enchanted,
The square lies hushed in the haze;
The evening has smilingly planted
A kiss on the harlots' gaze.

As music that soothingly quavers
Is daytime's far-away roar.
O dusk! In your lulling favours
You steep my spirit once more.

5. КА́МЕНЩИКЪ.

—Ка́менщикъ, ка́менщикъ, въ фа́ртукѣ бѣ́ломъ,
Что ты тамъ стро́ишь? кому́?
—Эй, не мѣша́й намъ, мы за́няты дѣ́ломъ,
Стро́имъ мы, стро́имъ тюрьму́.

—Ка́менщикъ, ка́менщикъ, съ вѣ́рной лопа́той,
Кто же въ ней бу́детъ рыда́ть?
—Вѣ́рно, не ты и не твой братъ, бога́тый.
Не́зачѣмъ вамъ ворова́ть.

—Ка́менщикъ, ка́менщикъ, до́лгія но́чи,
Кто жъ проведе́тъ въ ней безъ сна?
—Мо́жетъ быть, сынъ мой, тако́й же рабо́чій.
Тѣ́мъ наша до́ля полна́.

—Ка́менщикъ, ка́менщикъ, вспо́мнитъ, пожа́луй,
Тѣ́хъ онъ, кто нёсъ кирпичи́!
—Эй! береги́сь! подъ лѣса́ми не ба́луй . . .
Зна́емъ всё са́ми, молчи́!

5. THE STONEHEWER.

—STONEHEWER, stonehewer, whitely arrayed,
What art thou building? For whom?
—Ho, do not baulk us intent on our trade,—
From our building a prison will loom.

—Stonehewer, stonehewer, trowel in hand,
Who then will sob in these walls?
—Not you, nor your brother, rich man, understand,
For theft to your lot never falls.

—Stonehewer, stonehewer, who without sleep
Will abide there long hours of the night?
—Maybe my son will,—he toils for his keep.
And such is the close of our plight.

—Stonehewer, stonehewer, then will he think
Of them who laid bricks here of yore!
—Ho, beware! Beneath ladders from jests you should
shrink . . .
This we ourselves know, give o'er!

NOTE.—This is a very inadequate translation of a poem, the precise style of which is extremely difficult to reproduce.

Ива́нъ Бу́нинъ

1.

Ночь идётъ—и темнѣетъ
Блѣдноси́ній восто́къ.
Отъ одёждъ ея вѣетъ
По поля́мъ вѣтро́къ.

День былъ до́логъ и зно́енъ,
Ночь идётъ и поётъ.
Колыбе́льную пѣсню
И къ поко́ю зовётъ.

Гру́стенъ взоръ ея тёмный,
Одино́къ ея путь . . .
Спи-усни́, моё се́рдце!
Отдохни́ . . . Позабу́дь.

2.

Какъ свѣтла́, наря́дна, весна́!
Погляди́ мнѣ въ глаза́, какъ быва́ло,
И скажи́: отчего́ ты грустна́?
Отчего́ ты такъ ла́скова ста́ла?

Но молчи́шь ты, слаба́, какъ цвѣто́къ . . .
О, молчи́!—Мнѣ не на́до призна́нья:
Я узна́лъ эту ла́ску проща́нья,—
Я опя́ть одино́къ!

Ivan Bunin

1.

NIGHT hastens and seizes
Clear gleams in the east.
From her raiment light breezes
Over fields are released.

Long and sultry the day was,
Night sings as she goes
A lullaby ditty
And calls to repose.

Her dark gaze is mournful,
On her way naught is met . . .
O my heart, sleep and slumber,
Take your rest . . . and forget.

2.

How agleam, how garnished the spring!
Turn your eyes in the old way upon me:
Say, wherefore this sorrowing?
Why lavish this tenderness on me?

You are mute, as a blossom so frail,
Say naught!—No confession is needed:
The flight of your love I have heeded,—
Lone again is my trail!

Зинаида Николаевна Гиппіусъ

1. ПѢСНЯ.

Окно́ моё высо́ко надъ земле́ю,
Высо́ко надъ земле́ю.
Я ви́жу то́лько не́бо съ вече́рнею заре́ю,—
Съ вече́рнею заре́ю.

И не́бо ка́жется пусты́мъ и блѣ́днымъ,
Такимъ пу́стымъ и блѣ́днымъ.
Оно не сжа́лится надъ сердцемъ бѣ́днымъ
Надъ моимъ се́рдцемъ бѣ́днымъ.

Увы́, въ печа́ли безу́мной я умира́ю,
Я умира́ю.
Стремлю́сь къ тому́, чего́ я не зна́ю,
Не зна́ю.

И э́то жела́ніе не зна́ю отку́да
Пришло́ отку́да,
Но се́рдце хо́четъ и про́ситъ чу́да,
Чу́да!

О, пусть бу́детъ то, чего́ не быва́етъ,
Никогда́ не быва́етъ:
Мнѣ блѣ́дное не́бо чуде́съ обѣща́етъ,
Оно́ обѣща́етъ,

Zinaida Nikolayevna Hippius

1. SONG.

My window is high o'er the earthly spaces,
O'er the earthly spaces;
I behold but the sky with evening's red traces,
With evening's red traces.

And the gaze of the sky is so faded and dreary,
So faded and dreary;
No pity it has for the heart that is weary,
For my heart that is weary.

Alas, by a frenzied dismay I am riven,
I am riven;
I know not the thing whereto I am driven,
I am driven.

Nor whence is the wish that I bow myself under;
I bow myself under;
But my heart is desiring and craving a wonder,
A wonder.

O may it be aught that life never offers,
That life never offers;
Unto me 'tis a wonder the sky wanly proffers,
That it proffers.

Но пла́чу безъ слёзъ о невѣ́рномъ обѣ́тѣ,
О невѣ́рномъ обѣ́тѣ.
Мнѣ ну́жно то, чего́ нѣ́тъ на свѣ́тѣ,
Чего́ нѣ́тъ на свѣ́тѣ.

2. ЭЛЕКТРИ́ЧЕСТВО.

Двѣ ни́ти вмѣ́стѣ сви́ты,
Концы́ обнажены́.
То „да“ и „нѣ́тъ“,—не сли́ты,
Не сли́ты—сплетены́.
Ихъ тёмное сплете́нье
И тѣ́сно, и мертво́.
Но ждётъ ихъ воскресе́нье,
И ждутъ они́ его́.
Концо́въ концы́ косну́тся—
Другіе „да“ и „нѣ́тъ“,
И „да“ и „нѣ́тъ“ проснутся,
Сплете́нные сольются,
И смерть ихъ бу́детъ—Свѣ́тъ.

But tearless I weep for the vow that is broken,
For the vow that is broken.
The thing that I seek is no earth-given token,
No earth-given token.

2. ELECTRICITY.

Two threads are closely hafted,
The ends are unconfined.
'Tis " yea " and " nay,"—not grafted,
Not grafted,—but entwined.
Dim is the weft that mates them
Close and inanimate,
But wakening awaits them,
And they the same await.
End unto end is taken,—
Fresh " yea " and " nay " ignite,
And " yea " and " nay " awaken,
Into one moulding shaken,
And from their death comes,—light.

Ми́рра Алекса́ндровна Лбхвицкая

И вѣ́тра стонъ, и шо́потъ мра́чныхъ думъ . . .
И жить отра́ды нѣ́тъ . . .
А гдѣ́-то зной и мо́ря ти́хій шумъ,
И со́лнца я́ркій свѣ́тъ!

Гуди́тъ мяте́ль и мно́житъ въ се́рдцѣ́ гнётъ.
Невы́плаканныхъ слёзъ . . .
А гдѣ́-то мирть, зелёный мирть растётъ
И ку́щи бѣ́лыхъ розъ!

Прохо́дитъ жизнь въ мечта́ньяхъ объ ино́мъ,
Ничто́жна и пуста́ . . .
А гдѣ́-то смѣ́хъ, и сча́стье бьётъ ключёмъ,
И блескъ, и красота́!

Myrrha Alexandrovna Lokhvitskaya

AND moan of winds and whispered thoughts of gloom,
From life no joy is won . . .
Yet somewhere,—warmth, and ocean's muffled boom,
And lustre of the sun.

The blizzard wails, and in the heart it throws
A load of tears unshed.
Yet somewhere myrtle, verdant myrtle grows,
And stainless roses spread.

Life, passing by, in empty brooding delves,
Unmeaning, unbedight . . .
Yet somewhere, mirth and bliss will yield themselves,
And comeliness and light!

Дмитрій Сергѣевичъ Мережковскій

1. НИРВА́НА.

И вновь, какъ въ пе́рвый день созда́нья,
Лазу́рь небе́сная тиха́,
Какъ бу́дто въ мірѣ нѣтъ страда́нья,
Какъ бу́дто въ се́рдцѣ нѣтъ грѣха́.
Не на́до мнѣ любви́ и сла́вы:
Въ молча́ньи у́треннихъ поле́й
Дышу́, какъ ды́шатъ э́ти тра́вы . . .
Ни про́шлыхъ, ни грядущихъ дней
Я не хочу́ пыта́ть и чи́слить.
Я то́лько чу́вствую опя́ть,
Како́е сча́стіе—не мы́слить,
Кака́я нѣга—не жела́ть!

2. ПРИРО́ДА ГОВОРИ́ТЪ.

Приро́да говори́тъ мнѣ съ ца́рственнымъ презрѣньемъ:
„Уйди́, не наруша́й гармо́ніи мое́й!
Твой плачъ мнѣ надоѣлъ; не оскорбля́й муче́ньемъ
Споко́йствія мои́хъ лазо́ревыхъ ночей.

„Я всё тебѣ дала́—жизнь, мо́лодость, свобо́ду,—
Ты всё, ты всё отве́ргъ съ безсмы́сленной вражды́й,
И де́рзкимъ ро́потомъ ты оскорби́лъ приро́ду,
Ты мать свою́ забы́лъ—уйди́, ты мнѣ чужо́й!

Dmitri Sergyeyevitch Merezhkovsky

1. NIRVANA.

As in the day of first creation,
The azure skies are calm again,
As though the world knew not privation,
As though the heart knew naught of pain;
For love and fame my craving passes;
'Mid silence of the fields at morn
I breathe, as breathe these very grasses . . .
O'er days agone, and days unborn
I would not chafe, nor reckoning squander.
This only do I feel once more:
What gladness—ne'er again to ponder,
What bliss—to know all yearning o'er.

2. QUOTH NATURE . . .

QUOTH nature unto me in tones of stately scorning:
" Begone, and break not in upon my harmony!
I weary of thy tears; mar not with anguished mourning
The calm wherewith my azure nights encompass me.

" All have I given thee,—life, youth and freedom given,
But thou in senseless feud hast flung it all away.
Nature hast thou with overweening murmurs riven,
Thou hast forgot thy mother,—go, I speak thee nay.

„Иль ма́ло для тебя́ на не́бѣ звѣздъ блестя́щихъ,
Нѣма́ло су́мрака въ заду́мчивыхъ лѣса́хъ,
*
И ди́кой красоты́ въ зао́блачныхъ гора́хъ?

„Я всё тебѣ́ дала́,—а въ э́томъ чу́дномъ ми́рѣ
Ты не сумѣ́лъ хоть ра́зъ счастли́вымъ быть, какъ всѣ́:
Какъ сча́стливъ звѣ́рь въ лѣсу́ и ла́сточка въ эөи́рѣ,
И дре́млющій цвѣто́къ въ сере́бряной росѣ́.

„Ты ра́дость бытія́ сомнѣ́ньемъ разруша́ешь:
Уйди́! ты гадокъ мнѣ́, безси́льный и больно́й . . .
Пытли́вымъ ра́зумомъ и го́рдою душо́й
Ты сча́стья безъ меня́ ищи́ себѣ́, какъ зна́ешь!“

3.

Ла́сковый ве́черъ съ землёю проща́лся,
Ли́стъ шелохну́ться не смѣ́лъ въ ожида́ньи.
Гро́хотъ телѣ́ги вдали́ раздава́лся . . .
Звѣ́зды, дрожа́, выступа́ли въ молча́ньи.

Си́нее не́бо—глубо́ко и стра́нно;
Но не смотри́ ты въ него́ такъ пытли́во,
Но не ищи́ въ нёмъ разга́дки жела́нной.—
Си́нее не́бо, какъ гробъ, молчали́во!

"Or dost thou rate as naught in heaven the starry lustre,
And in the brooding woods the dusk where nothing speaks,
*
And all the rugged beauty on the cloudy peaks?

"All have I given thee,—this world is wonder-gifted,
Yet couldst thou not be happy, even as all the rest,—
Happy as woodland beast, and swallow, æther-lifted,
And bud that sleeps amid its silvery dew-clad nest.

"By thy bewilderment the joy of life thou slayest,
Begone, I loathe thee, full of weak and sickly dole . . .
Thou, with thy probing mind and haughtiness of soul,
Thy happiness without me seek, as best thou mayest."

3.

THE eventide fondled the earth in farewell,
And in its suspense not a leaf dared to sway;
The creak of a cart far away rose and fell,
Stars marshalled aquiver in silent array.

Clear-blue is the sky,—deep and strange is its guise;
But look not upon it with glances that crave,
But seek not therein the revealment you prize,—
Clear-blue is the sky, but as mute as the grave.

* Owing to a defect in the printing, this line has slipped out of the volume from which the poem was taken. Although I have consulted several other editions of Merezhkovsky's poems, I have been unable to find another copy of the text.

4. ПРИРО́ДА.

Ни зломъ, ни вражде́ю крова́вой
Доны́нѣ затми́ть не могли́
Мы не́ба черто́гъ велича́вый
И пре́лесть цвѣту́щей земли́.

Насъ пре́жнею ла́ской встрѣча́ютъ
Доли́ны, цвѣты́ и ручьи́,
И звѣзды всё такъ же сія́ютъ,
О томъ же пою́тъ соловьи́.

Не вѣдаетъ на́шей кручи́ны
Могу́чій, таи́нственный лѣсъ,
И нѣтъ ни еди́ной морщи́ны
На я́сной лазу́ри небе́съ.

5. СѢЯТЕЛЬ.

Надъ холма́ми полосо́ю
Побѣлѣлъ восто́къ вдали́,
Ды́шатъ сы́ростью ночно́ю
Глы́бы вспа́ханной земли́.

Ви́дишь, мѣрными шага́ми
Хо́дитъ сѣятель въ поля́хъ.
Тишина́, какъ въ Бо́жьемъ хра́мѣ,
На землѣ и въ небеса́хъ.

4. NATURE.

NOT bloodshed, nor ills we engender,
Could yet fling a mantle of gloom
On the heavenly palace of splendour,
Or on earth with the lure of its bloom.

As of old, we are tenderly ravished
By valleys and blossoms and rills;
Unchanging, the starlight is lavished,
And the tune that the nightingale trills.

Great forests with deep-hidden spaces
Know naught of our spirit's dismay;
And never a wrinkle defaces
The heaven's clear azure array.

5. THE SOWER.

FAR above the stretch of hills
The east has flung its lustre round;
Moistened breath of night-time fills
Clods of plough-uprooted ground.

See, how with his measured pace
O'er the fields the sower goes;
Calm, as in God's holy place
On earth and in the heaven flows.

Всё круго́мъ свяще́ннымъ стра́хомъ,
Какъ предъ та́инствомъ, полно́,
И руки́ поко́йнымъ взма́хомъ
Разсѣва́етъ онъ зерно́.

И для тру́женика сно́ва
Грудь земли́ роди́ть должна́
Жа́тву хлѣба золото́го
Изъ поги́бшаго зерна́.

Созида́я жизнь изъ сме́рти,
Предъ лицо́мъ святы́хъ небе́съ,
О, моли́тесь-же и вѣрьте:
Это—чу́до изъ чуде́съ!

A sacred awe through all the land,
As of some secret thing is borne;
And with a gently sweeping hand
Far and wide he scatters corn.

And for the toiler must again
Out of the womb of earth be born
A harvest of the golden grain
That quickens from the perished corn.

Life out of death is rendered free
Before the glance of holy skies;
O, pray then, and believing, see
A wonder from a wonder rise.

Николáй Максúмовичъ Мúнскій

1.

Какъ сонъ, пройдýтъ дѣлá и пóмыслы людéй;
Забýдется геройí, истлѣетъ мавзолéй—
И вмѣстѣ въ óбщій прахъ сольются.
И мýдрость, и любóвь, и знáнья, и правá,
Какъ съ áспидной доскú ненýжныя словá,
Рукóй невѣдомой сотрýтся.

И ужъ не тѣ словá подъ тóю же рукóй—
Далёко отъ земли́, засты́вшей и нѣмóй—
Возни́кнуть вновь загáдкой блѣдной.
И снóва свѣтъ блеснётъ, чтобъ стать добы́чей тьмы,
И кто́-то бýдетъ жить не такъ, какъ жúли мы,
Но такъ, какъ мы, умрётъ безслѣдно.

И невозмóжно намъ предви́дѣть и поня́ть,
Въ какíя фóрмы духъ одѣнется опя́ть.
Въ какúхъ создáньяхъ воплоти́тся.
Быть мóжетъ, изъ всегó, что бýдитъ въ насъ любóвь,
На той звѣздѣ ничтó не повтори́тся вновь . . .
Но есть одно́, что повтори́тся:

Лишь то, что мы тепéрь считáемъ прáзднымъ сномъ,
Тоскá нея́сная о чёмъ-то неземно́мъ,
Куда́-то смýтныя стремлéнья.
Вражда́ къ тому́, что есть, предчýвствій рóбкій свѣтъ,
И жáжда жгýчая святы́нь, кото́рыхъ нѣтъ,—
Одно́ лишь э́то чýждо тлѣнья.

Nikolai Maximovitch Minsky

1.

MAN'S ponderings and labours, dream-like, pass away,
Heroes will be forgot, and sepulchres decay,—
And all in common dust is merged.
And righteousness and love, and sciences and lore,
As words upon a slate, whose meaning is no more,
By undiscovered hand are purged.

But words that are not these, beneath the self-same hand,
Far from the numbing muteness of this earthly land,
Again, pale riddles will supply.
Another light will shine, for gloom to prey upon,
And others there will live, not as our lives have gone,
But e'en as we, untraced shall die.

And we have not the power to fathom or to view
The guise wherein our spirit shall be garbed anew,
The shapes wherein its breath shall dwell.
Perchance, of all that love within us stirs to life,
Nothing upon this planet shall again be rife,
But there is one thing naught can quell:

Only the thing that now an empty dream we count,
The blurred and fretful wish beyond the earth to mount,
Restive essays towards some height.
Hatred of things that are, foreboding's timid glow,
And burdensome desire for shrines we cannot know,—
On this alone shall come no blight.

Въ какúхъ бы óразахъ и гдѣ бы средь мірóвъ
Ни вспы́хнулъ мы́сли свѣтъ, какъ лучъ средь облакóвъ,
Какíя бъ существа́ ни жи́ли,—
Но бу́дутъ рва́ться вдаль они́, подóбно намъ,
Изъ стра́ха своегó къ несбы́точнымъ мечта́мъ,
Грустя́ душóй, какъ мы грусти́ли.

И потому́ не тотъ безсме́ртенъ на землѣ,
Кто превзошёлъ други́хъ въ добрѣ или во злѣ,
Кто сла́вы хру́пкія скрижа́ли
Напóлнилъ пóвѣстью, безцѣльною, какъ сонъ,
Предъ кѣмъ толпы́ людéй — такóй же прахъ, какъ онъ—
Благоговѣли иль дрожа́ли,

Но всѣхъ безсме́ртнѣй тотъ, кому́ сквозь прахъ земли́
Какóй-то нóвый міръ мере́щился вдали́,
Несуществу́ющій и вѣчный.
Кто цѣли неземнóй такъ жа́ждалъ и страда́лъ,
Что си́лой жа́жды самъ мира́жъ себѣ созда́лъ
Среди́ пусты́ни безконе́чной.

2.

Я ви́жу край обѣтова́нный,
Сверка́нье водъ, шатры́ дере́въ.
Но преступи́ть предѣлъ жела́нный
Мнѣ запрети́лъ Госпóдній гнѣвъ.

Уста́лъ я отъ пескóвъ и зно́я,
Ещё при жи́зни смерть вкуси́лъ.
Такъ изнемóгъ, что для поко́я
Въ мое́й душѣ нѣтъ бóльше силъ.

In whatsoever guise, and where 'mid worlds shall gleam
The radiance of thought, like to a cloud-girt beam,
Whatever lives are fashioned yet,—
Still shall they make ado, and rouse them e'en as we,
From very depths of dread to dreams that ne'er can be,
Fretful of soul, as we do fret.

And therefore he is not on earth immortal who
Either in good or ill his fellows could outdo,
Who upon glory's tablets frail
Hath graved the deeds of him, that, as a dream, are naught,
'Fore whom the throng, of that same clay as he is wrought,
Or utter homages, or quail.

But above all is he immortal unto whom
Through dust of earth afar new worlds were wont to loom,
Worlds though unreal, yet perishless.
He who so craved and pined for things beyond the earth,
That by his craving's power he gave his vision birth
'Mid an unending wilderness.

2.

I VIEW the promised land before me.—
Gleaming of waters, tents of trees.
But anger of the Lord forbore me
To touch the dower I long to seize.

I rose from heat and sandy places,
I tasted death in living hours:
My strength so wanes, that it effaces
Within my soul all placid powers.

И е́сли ра́достному кра́ю
Поётъ привѣ́тъ мой гру́стный стихъ,
Я гимнъ привѣ́тственный слага́ю
Не для себя́, а для други́хъ.

3.

То, что вы зове́те вдохнове́ньемъ,
Я зову́ прислу́шиваньемъ чу́ткимъ.
Есть часы́, когда́ съ восто́ргомъ жу́ткимъ
Вдругъ я слы́шу: кто́-то съ гру́стнымъ пѣ́ньемъ

Надъ душо́й прано́сится мое́ю.
Слы́шу, вне́млю, чу́ю, замира́ю . . .
И творю́, доко́лѣ повторя́ю
То, къ чему́ прислу́шаться успѣ́ю.

4. ГО́РОДЪ ВДАЛИ́.

Тамъ внизу́, въ полукру́гломъ просвѣ́тѣ холмо́въ,
Ви́денъ го́родъ вдали́.
Тамъ, за блѣ́дными пя́тнами селъ и лѣсо́въ,
Гдѣ́ слива́ются кра́ски поле́й и луго́въ,
Чуть мере́щится го́родъ вдали́.

Не дома́, не сады́,—что-то тѣ́нью болшо́й
Залегло́ сквозь тума́нъ.
Какъ безстра́стье надъ мно́го страда́вшей душо́й,
Какъ уста́лость надъ мно́го дерза́вшей мечто́й,
Легъ надъ го́родомъ му́тный тума́нъ.

And if my mournful-tuned ovation
Is chanted to that glad domain,
I shape a hymn of salutation,
Not for my own, but others' gain.

3.

WHAT you are wont to name as inspiration,
Delicacy of hearkening I call;
Hours there are that palpably enthrall,
When I hear the plaintive incantation.

Of someone who above my spirit stirred:
I hark, I grope, I feel, my senses wane . . .
I labour on until I shape again
The thing that by my mastery I heard.

4. THE CITY AFAR.

DOWN yonder, 'mid hills in a shimmering bend
Lo, the city afar.
Pale village and woodland before it extend,
Where tintings of meadow and pasturage blend,
The city gleams faintly afar.

Nor dwelling, nor yard—but in shadows of night,
Something glides through the mist.
As if listless o'er many a soul in its plight,
As if weary o'er many a vision of might,
O'er the city lies dimly the mist.

Изъ живы́хъ испаре́ній труда́ и страсте́й
Со́ткань мгли́стый покро́въ.
Изъ пыли́нокъ, изъ ды́ма, изъ брызгъ, изъ тѣне́й,
Изъ дыха́ній и кри́ковъ несче́тныхъ груде́й
Со́ткань въ во́здухѣ мгли́стый покро́въ.

Между го́родомъ бу́йнымъ и взо́ромъ мои́мъ
Онъ повисъ навсегда́,
Ибо у́тро и по́лдень безси́льны надъ нимъ.
Хра́мы, тю́рьмы, дворцы́ для меня́, то́чно дымъ,
Въ отдале́ньи слили́сь навсегда́.

Лишь поро́ю зака́тъ стрѣлови́днымъ луче́мъ
Мглу прони́жетъ на мигъ.
И предъ тѣмъ какъ исче́знуть во мра́кѣ ночно́мъ,
Да́льній го́родъ люде́й угрожа́ющимъ сномъ,
Открыва́ется взо́ру на мигъ.

Live vapours of toiling and passionate cries
Weave a darkening pall.
Dust and smoke and the specks and the shadows that rise,
And numberless hearts with their throbbings and sighs,
Aloft weave a darkening pall.

'Twixt the din of the city's unrest and my gaze
It is spread evermore.
And its load nor the morn nor the noon can upraise,
Gaols, churches and courtyards, meseems, are but haze,—
In the farness they merge evermore.

But sometimes at sunset an arrowy ray
Stabs the mist for a flash.
And amid the night's darkness, then fading away,
The city afar with its dreams of dismay
Is revealed to the gaze for a flash.

Федоръ Ку́зьмичъ Сологу́бъ

1.

Возста́вилъ Богъ меня́ изъ вла́жной гли́ны,
Но отъ земли́ не отдѣли́лъ.
Родны́я мнѣ—верши́ны и доли́ны,
Какъ я себѣ, весь міръ мнѣ милъ.

Когда́ гляжу́ на да́льнія доро́ги,
Мнѣ ка́жется, что я на нихъ
Всѣ чу́вствую коле́са, ка́мни, но́ги,
Какъ бу́дто на рука́хъ мои́хъ.

Гляжу́ ли я на зво́нкіе пото́ки,—
Мнѣ ка́жется, что э́то мнѣ
Земля́ несётъ живи́тельные со́ки,
Свои́ дары́ мое́й веснѣ.

2. ТРІОЛЕ́ТЫ СѢВЕРУ.

(i.)

Земля́ доку́чная и зла́я,
Но всё же мнѣ родна́я мать!
Люблю́ тебя́, о мать нѣма́я,
Земля́ доку́чная и зла́я!
Какъ сла́дко зе́млю обнима́ть,
Къ ней приника́я въ ча́рахъ ма́я!
Земля́ доку́чная и зла́я,
Но всё же мнѣ родна́я мать!

Fedor Kuzmitch Sologub

1.

FROM moistened clay by God was I created,
But never freed from earthly guise.
With peaks and valleys I am federated,
E'en as myself, the earth I prize.

When gazing on the distant roads I ponder,
Methinks that feeling I can grasp
How wheels thereon, and stones and feet that wander,
Are all as if within my clasp.

When torrents I behold with deep-toned courses,
Methinks that merged amid their power
Earth bears her saps with their restoring forces
Unto my spring-tide, as her dower.

2. NORTHERN TRIOLETS.

(i.)

THOU earth with guile and irksome woe,
Art yet a mother unto me!
Mute mother mine, I love thee so,
Thou earth with guile and irksome woe!
How sweet in earth's embrace to be,
Nestling to her when May's aglow!
Thou earth with guile and irksome woe,
Art yet a mother unto me!

(ii.)

Люби́те, лю́ди, зе́млю,—зе́млю
Въ зелёной та́йнѣ вла́жныхъ травъ.
Велѣнью та́йному я вне́млю:
—Люби́те, лю́ди, зе́млю,—зе́млю
И сла́дость всѣхъ ея́ отра́въ!—
Земно́й и тёмный, всё прі́емлю.
Люби́те, лю́ди, зе́млю,—зе́млю
Въ зелёной та́йнѣ вла́жныхъ травъ.

(iii.)

Се́рдце дро́гнуло отъ ра́дости.
Сно́ва сѣверъ, сно́ва дождь,
Сно́ва нѣженъ мохъ и тощъ,—
И уны́ніе до ра́дости,
И томле́ніе до сла́дости,—
И мечта́нья ти́хихъ рощъ,
И дрожи́тъ душа́ отъ ра́дости,—
Ми́лый сѣверъ! ми́лый дождь!

(iv.)

Ку́полъ це́ркви, крестъ и не́бо,
И вокру́гъ печа́ль поле́й,—
Что споко́йнѣй и свѣтлѣй
Э́той я́сной жи́зни не́ба?
И скажи́ мнѣ, другъ мой, гдѣ бы
Возноси́лася святѣй
Къ благода́тнымъ та́йнамъ не́ба
Ска́зка ле́гкая поле́й!

(ii.)

THE earth, the earth, ye men, revere,
Green secrets of its moistened weeds,
Its secret ordinance I hear:
—The earth, the earth, ye men, revere,
E'en its delights, where venom breeds!—
Earthy, untaught, I hold it dear.
The earth, the earth, ye men, revere,
Green secrets of its moistened weeds.

(iii.)

QUIVERS the heart with joyousness,
North afresh, return of rain,
Slender, tender moss again,—
Despair is one with joyousness
And torment with a sweet caress,—
Soft visions of a wooded lane,
And trembles the soul with joyousness,—
Beloved North! Beloved rain!

(iv.)

CHURCH-SPIRE, crucifix, and sky,
And around, the sorrowing fields,—
What more peace and radiance wields
Than this sheen of living sky?
And, my friend, I would descry
Where in holier fashion yields
To the glad secrecies on high
This soft legend of the fields!

(v.)

Кака́я ра́дость—по доро́гамъ
Стопа́ми го́лыми итти́
И су́мку ле́гкую нести́!
Кака́я ра́дость—по доро́гамъ,
Въ смире́ньи бла́гостномъ и стро́гомъ,
Стихи́ пѣву́чіе плести́!
Кака́я ра́дость—по доро́гамъ
Стопа́ми го́лыми итти́!

3. ВЪ ЭТОТЪ ЧАСЪ.

Въ э́тотъ часъ, когда́ грохо́четъ въ тёмномъ не́бѣ гро́зный громъ,
Въ э́тотъ часъ, когда́ въ осно́вахъ сотряса́ется нашъ домъ.
Въ э́тотъ часъ, когда́ въ трево́гѣ вся наде́жда, вся любо́вь,
И когда́ сильнѣ́йшій ду́хомъ безпоко́йно хму́ритъ бровь,
Въ э́тотъ часъ стреми́те вы́ше, вы́ше го́рдыя сердца́,—
Наслажда́ется побѣ́дой то́лько вѣ́рный до конца́,
То́лько тотъ, кто слѣ́по вѣ́ритъ, хоть судьбѣ́ на перекоръ,
То́лько тотъ, кто въ мать не бро́ситъ ка́мнемъ тя́гостный уко́ръ.

(v.)

WHAT delight,—from place to place
With uncovered feet to fare
And a scanty scrip to bear!
What delight,—from place to place
With austere and humble grace
To entwine a tuneful air!
What delight,—from place to place
With uncovered feet to fare!

3. IN THIS HOUR . . .

IN this hour when darkened skies are by the awful thunder rent,
In this hour when shakes our dwelling to its very fundament,
In this hour when every hope and every love are in despair,
When the mightiest in spirit purse the brow in restless care,
In this hour your hearts shall rouse them higher, higher in their pride,
Victory is theirs alone who faithful to the end abide.
Only theirs who trust with blindness, even though in spite of fate,
Only theirs who on their mother fling not grievous stones of hate.

4.

Злой драко́нъ, горя́щій я́рко тамъ, въ зени́тѣ,
Протяну́вшій всю́ду пла́менныя ни́ти,
Опали́вшій ду́шнымъ зно́емъ всю́ доли́ну,—
Злой драко́нъ, побѣ́ду ты лику́ешь ра́но!
Я изъ те́мнаго, глубо́каго колча́на
Для тебя́ стрѣлу́ отра́вленную вы́ну.

Предъ тобо́ю съ лу́комъ ста́ну безъ боя́зни
Я, сверши́тель смѣ́лый безпоща́дной ка́зни,
Я, предска́занный и всё-жъ нежда́нный мсти́тель.
Лукъ туго́й стрѣла́ поки́нетъ съ мѣ́днымъ зво́номъ.
Ты на вы́зовъ мой отвѣ́тишь тя́жкимъ сто́номъ,
Ты поме́ркнешь, ты поги́бнешь, злой губи́тель!

5.

Э́тотъ зы́бкій тума́нъ надъ рѣко́й
Въ одино́кую ночь, при лунѣ́,—
Ненави́стенъ онъ мнѣ́, и жела́ненъ онъ мнѣ́
Тишино́ю свое́й и тоско́й.

Я забы́лъ про дневну́ю красу́,
И во мглу́ я тихо́нько вхожу́,
Е́ле ви́димый слѣ́дъ напряже́нно слѣжу́,
И печа́ли мои́ одино́ко несу́.

4.

EVIL dragon, 'mid the zenith hotly burning,
Thou, who all about thee, fiery threads art turning,
With a stifling hotness parching all the valley,—
Evil dragon, lo, too speedy is thy rapture
O'er thy victory; for, compassing thy capture,
From my dark, deep quiver, poisoned barbs will sally.

With my bow before thee shall I stand, nor falter,
Dauntless to fulfil the doom that none can alter;
Vengeance unforeseen, and yet foretold I cherish.
Taut, my bow shall fling its shaft with brazen droning.
To my challenge, thou shalt answer sorely moaning,—
Foul destroyer, thou shalt wane away and perish.

5.

OVER the river the hazes that flow
'Neath the moon in the lonesome night,
They beset me with hate, and they bring me delight
For the stillness thereof and the woe.

Forgotten the beauty of day,
And thro' mist I stealthily pace,
A track scarce beheld, in my travail I trace
And I carry my lonely despair on my way.

Владиміръ Сергѣевичъ Соловьёвъ

1.

Милый другъ, иль ты не видишь,
Что всё видимое нами—
Только отблескъ, только тѣни
Отъ незримаго очами?

Милый другъ, иль ты не слышишь,
Что житейскій шумъ трескучій—
Только откликъ искаженный
Торжествующихъ созвучій?

Милый другъ, иль ты не чуешь,
Что одно на цѣломъ свѣтѣ—
Только то, что сердце къ сердцу
Говоритъ въ нѣмомъ привѣтѣ.

2.

Земля владычица! Къ тебѣ чело склонилъ я,
И сквозь покровъ благоуханный твой
Роднаго сердца пламень ощутилъ я,
Услышалъ трепетъ жизни міровой.
Въ полуденныхъ лучахъ такою нѣгой жгучей
Сходила благодать сіяющихъ небесъ,
И блеску тихому несли привѣтъ пѣвучій
И вольная рѣка, и многошумный лѣсъ.
И въ явномъ таинствѣ вновь вижу сочетанье
Земной души со свѣтомъ неземнымъ,
И отъ огня любви житейское страданье
Уносится какъ мимолётный дымъ.

Vladimir Sergyeyevitch Solovyov

1.

FRIEND belovèd, dost thou see not
That whate'er our gaze embraces,
Is but a reflex, but a shadow
Of the things the eye ne'er traces?

Friend belovèd, dost thou hear not
That the roar of earthly surging
Is naught but a distorted echo
Of harmonies in triumph merging?

Friend belovèd, dost thou feel not
That the world but one thing holdeth—
What one heart unto another
With a mute acclaim unfoldeth?

2.

O MISTRESS earth! Before thee have I knelt,
And through the fragrances that thee begird,
The glowing of a kindred heart I felt,
The throbbing of a living world I heard.
In noon-tide beams with such enraptured blaze
The bounty of the radiant skies was sent,
With whose still lustre the responsive lays
Of rippling streams and rustling woods were blent.
To me the sacrament reveals again
Earth's soul with the unearthly sheen unite,
And from the fire of love all earthly pain
Is borne away like passing smoke in flight.

3.

Въ тума́нѣ у́треннемъ невѣ́рными шага́ми.
Я шёлъ къ таи́нственнымъ и чу́днымъ берега́мъ.
Боро́лася заря́ съ послѣ́дними звѣзда́ми;
Ещё лета́ли сны—и схва́ченная сна́ми,
Душа́ моли́лася невѣ́домымъ бога́мъ.

Въ холо́дный бѣ́лый день доро́гой одино́кой,
Какъ пре́жде, я иду́ въ невѣ́домой странѣ́.
Разсѣ́ялся тума́нъ, и я́сно ви́дитъ о́ко,
Какъ тру́денъ го́рный путь, и какъ ещё далёко
Далёко всё, что гре́зилося мнѣ́.

И до полу́ночи неро́бкими шага́ми
Всё бу́ду я идти́ къ жела́ннымъ берега́мъ,
Туда́, гдѣ́ на горѣ́, подъ но́выми звѣзда́ми
Весь пламенѣ́ющій побѣ́дными огня́ми
Меня́ дождётся мой завѣ́тный храмъ.

4.

У цари́цы мое́й есть высо́кій дворе́цъ
О семи́ онъ столба́хъ золоты́хъ.
У цари́цы мое́й семигра́нный вѣне́цъ,
Въ нёмъ безъ сче́ту камне́й дороги́хъ.

И въ зелёномъ саду́ у цари́цы мо́ей
Розъ и ли́лій краса́ расцвѣ́ла́,
И въ прозра́чной волнѣ́ серебри́стый руче́й
Ло́витъ о́тблескъ кудре́й и чела́.

3.

AMID the morning hazes, wavering of pace,
I journeyed to a secret, wonder-laden shore;
The daybreak strove to quench the straggling starry trace;
Dreams still were on the wing, and held in their embrace,
My spirit sought unfathomed godheads to adore.

Upon a lonely journey in a chill, white day,
Amid unfathomed regions, as of old I fare.
The hazes now are rent, and clearly I survey
How hard the upward path, and still how far away,
How far away is all my dreams laid bare.

But to the midnight hour, unfaltering of pace,
I still shall journey on, to reach my yearning's shore;
Yonder on high, beneath another starry trace,
With fires of victory illumining the place,
My shrine awaits me with its hallowed store.

4.

THE court of my empress is lofty of height,
With seven golden pillars around.
The crown of my empress is sevenfold bedight,
With jewels unnumbered 'tis bound.

And in the green garden, my empress' own,
The roses and lilies bloom fair;
In the waves of a silvery streamlet is thrown
The flash of her brow and her hair.

Но не слы́шитъ цари́ца, что ше́пчетъ ручёй,
На цвѣты́ и не взгля́нетъ она́:
Ей тума́нитъ печа́ль свѣтъ лазу́рный очёй,
И мечта́ ея ско́рби полна́.

Она ви́дитъ: дале́ко, въ полно́чномъ краю́,
Средь моро́зныхъ тума́новъ и вьюгъ,
Съ зло́ю сило́ю тьмы въ *одино́чномъ* бою́
Ги́бнетъ ёю *поки́нутый* другъ.

И броса́етъ она́ алма́зный вѣне́цъ,
Оставля́етъ черто́гъ золото́й,
И къ невѣ́рному дру́гу, нежда́нный пришле́цъ,
Благода́тной стучи́тся руко́й.

И надъ мра́чной зимо́й молода́я весна́—
Вся сія́я, склони́лась надъ нимъ
И покры́ла его́, ти́хой ла́ски полна́,
Лучеза́рнымъ покро́вомъ своимъ.

И низри́нуты тёмныя си́лы во прахъ,
Чистымъ пла́менемъ весь онъ гори́тъ,
И съ любо́вію вѣ́чной въ лазу́рныхъ оча́хъ
Ти́хо дру́гу она́ говори́тъ:

—„Зна́ю, во́ля твоя́ волнъ морски́хъ не вѣ́рнѣй;
Ты мнѣ вѣ́рность клялся́ сохрани́ть,—
Кля́твѣ ты измѣни́лъ,—но измѣ́ной своёй
Могъ ли се́рдце моё измѣни́ть? . . .“

But my empress ne'er harks to the whispering rill,
On the blossoms she turns not her gaze:
And the glow of her eyes in despair has grown chill,
And grief on her pondering preys.

She beholds: in a midnight domain far away,
'Mid the chillness of hazes and snow,
How the gloom's evil powers in a single affray
Her lover of old overthrow.

And her gem-studded crown from her brow she has torn,
From her golden-wrought palace she wends;
Of a sudden, approaching her comrade forsworn,
Benignant, her hand she extends.

And as o'er the dark winter young spring-tide has cast
His glow, she in tenderest love
Has bent herself o'er him, and shielded him fast
With her glittering shelter above.

As the powers of the gloom in the dust he descries,
He is kindled with purest of flames;
And with perishless love in her radiant eyes
Thus softly her friend she acclaims:

"I know thee inconstant as waves of the sea;
Thou hast sworn to me trueness alway,—
Thine oath thou betrayed,—by betrayal of me,
My heart couldst thou likewise betray?"

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